

a Congressman, I made a tour of the economically depressed areas of the State and other parts of the country. She was with me in April 1969, in Mexico City, Mexico, when I served as a delegate to the Mexico-United States Interparliamentary Conference. She was with me on all my trips to Europe and Asia. She was always there. Erma was always there with me at my side.

She is with me today, I know. For nearly 69 years, that woman, the greatest woman I ever met—I have met queens and great women of the world—was with me. She was always with me. She is with me now, I know. For nearly 69 years, she was my comfort in times of sorrow. She was stoic and brave. She never flinched in times of trouble.

We have lived and loved together through many changing years; we have shared each other's gladness and wept each other's tears; I have known ne're a sorrow that was long unsoothed by Erma; for thy smiles can make a summer where darkness else would be.

I quoted from the lines of Charles Jeffries, "We Have Lived and Loved Together."

This quiet, self-contained coal miner's daughter confronted demonstrators and protesters in front of our home in Arlington. She spent many evenings alone when I had to stay late at the Capitol attending the Nation's business. She always was most comfortable with the unassuming, down-to-earth West Virginia folks, back in the hills of West Virginia, like those back in the hills of Kentucky from which my friend, Senator MITCH MCCONNELL, comes. She met with kings and shahs, princes and princesses, Governors and Senators, Presidents. She entertained the high and the mighty, the powerful and the wealthy of this Nation in a foreign land because it was important to her husband who served as the majority leader of this Senate and various other Senatorial offices. She did it all with an innate, inherent graciousness, incredible patience, and a soft, warm smile. She was a remarkable lady of great wisdom, but most of all, great gentleness, yet she could be tough when she saw injustice or unfairness.

I was always so proud of her. In fact, the entire State of West Virginia took pride in Erma. That is why she was named West Virginia Daughter of the Year in 1990. Oh, could we call back the vanished years. And she was named West Virginia Mother of the Year a few years later.

Marriage is a sacred institution. It is more than the result of repeating a few vows. Marriage is an oath, an oath before God. I have admired the ancient Romans so much, as did Montesquieu, because they would not break an oath. They would go to their death rather than break an oath. The ancient Romans. So marriage is an oath before God, a sacred and noble contract between a man and a woman. Read it in the Bible.

It is a glorious commitment, a commitment of love, of caring, and of sacrifice. It is a commitment that Erma

and I honored and enjoyed for almost 69 years, through the bad times as well as the good, down the rough roads as well as the smooth ones. Our life's journey was not always smooth and easy traveling. In fact, it was as bumpy at some times and as curvy as a West Virginia mountain road. But over the years, Erma and I learned that the challenge of a marriage is the ability to overcome imperfections, not just to ignore them. We always remembered our devotion to each other, despite our shortcomings and despite the difficulties we encountered along life's way.

And when Erma and I married on that blessed Saturday evening nearly 69 years ago, we were so proud and we were so poor that I could not even take a day off from work. We did not have the money for a honeymoon, so after the wedding we went to a square dance, where I played the fiddle and she danced. On Monday morning, where was I? I was back at work in the grocery store in that coal-mining camp of Stotesbury. I was back at the meat counter in a coal-mining camp of Stotesbury. Although our fortunes did change, allowing us the opportunity to celebrate our anniversary in more special ways over the years, my Erma, my Erma never changed. She never changed. From being the wife of a meatcutter at the Koppers store in Stotesbury, WV, to being the wife of the majority leader of the U.S. Senate, Erma never stopped being herself. Her enduring patience and her steadfast support were the stabilizing constants in our marriage.

Could I have made this journey without her? Could I have accomplished as much as I have accomplished—whatever that may have been—without her? I think not. The more important point is that I did it with Erma, and I would not have had it any other way. She was God's greatest gift to me.

I don't know what I ever did to deserve her, but somewhere along the line, I must have done something that was especially good. The good Lord, the King, the Lord of Hosts, smiled down on me at 6 o'clock in the evening on May 29, 1937.

So may I close with these few words that come from a poem, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," by James Whitcomb Riley.

Is this her presence here with me,
Or but a vain creation of a lover's memory?
A fair, illusive vision that would vanish into
air,

Dared I even touch the silence with the whisper of a prayer?

Nay, let me then believe in all the blended
false and truth—

The semblance of the old love and the substance of the new,

The then of changeless sunny days—the now
of shower and shine,

But love forever smiling—as that old sweetheart of mine.

Mr. President, I simply say that I give thanks to Almighty God for a long and good marriage and the richness which that hallowed institution has given to my life because of one very extraordinary woman.

May God bless her and hold her to his bosom in Heaven until I come to be with her—this extraordinary woman, the daughter of a coal miner, Erma James Byrd.

Mr. President, these are a few lines which were the favorite lines of Erma. The author's name is Isla Pascal Richardson. The lines are these:

If I should ever leave you,
Whom I love
To go along the silent way,
Grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears.
But laugh and talk of me
As if I were there beside you.
For I will come—I'll come!
Would I not find a way?
Were tears and grief not be barriers?
And when you hear a song or see a bird I
loved,
Please do not let your thoughts of me be sad.
For I am loving you just as I always have
loved.

You were so good to me.
There are so many things I wanted still to
do—

So many things to say to you . . .
Remember, that I did not fear death.
It was just leaving you that was so hard to
face.

We cannot see beyond this life
But this you know . . . I loved you so
Never doubt that I am with you still!

Mr. President:

Love does not die with the body
And nothing in heaven or on earth
Can keep apart those who love one
another.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Kentucky is recognized.

A GREAT MARRIAGE

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I congratulate my good friend from West Virginia on his extraordinary reminiscence of his remarkable wife of 68, almost 69 years. I think those of us in the Senate are well aware that the marriage of Robert and Erma Byrd was one of the great marriages of American history. No two people were ever more right for each other, ever more committed to each other, or provided a better example for our country than Senator and Mrs. Byrd.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I appreciate from my heart the kind words of my dear friend, Senator MITCH MCCONNELL, from our neighboring State of Kentucky. I am not sure that I was meant to have all these blessings, but I am sure of one thing: Erma was the perfect woman, the greatest woman I have ever met. And today I have no doubt that she is in Heaven. I also have no doubt that I can meet her.

Let me thank again my friend, MITCH MCCONNELL. How lovely were his words. How nice of him. I thank the Senator very much.

TRIBUTE TO FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT LEWIS HENDERSON II

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I ask the Senate to pause for a moment